

# A Leicester-shire Frolic, Or, The valiant Cook-maid.

Being a merry composed Jest of Five Taylors that had been at work till their wages came to five pounds, likewise a merry conceited Cook-maid that lived in the house, went to her Master and desired him to lend her a horse, and she would venter her skill to take the five pound from these five Taylors, without either Sword or Pistol, in a jesting way, to make her Master some sport, and to show her valour: her Master living mirth more then sadness, agreed to it: so a horse was saddled, and other things to disguise her self, because she might not be known: away she went (it being in the evening) and met them before they got home, with nothing in her hand but a black pudding, the faint-hearted Taylors delivered her their money very quietly, for fear they should be shot through with a Black pudding, and what followed after is expressed in this following Ditty.



Oh spare our lives I pray.



I'll tell you a pretty fine Jest,  
if that you do please it to hear,  
For the truth on't I do protest,  
I'm sure that you need not to fear:  
It is of a valiant Cook-maid,  
that lived at a Noblemans place,  
And five Taylors that once was afraid,  
When as they lookt her in the face:  
O this was the valiant Cook-maid,  
without either Pistol or Gun,  
But with a Black-pudding did fright,  
five Taylors, and put them to th run.  
This Nobleman upon a time  
had great store of work for to do,  
But to bring every thing into rhyme,  
I will stroy my brains you must know:  
Five Taylors there Lived hard by,  
that worked for four-pence a day,  
For Beef and for Pudding at night,  
they'd better do so then to play:  
O this was, &c.

These Taylors a great while did work,  
two Masters, and their three men,  
They laboured as hard as a Turk,  
with Stitching both too and agen,  
And when that their work it was done,  
their money unto them was sold,  
Full five good pounds it is known,  
of silver but not of red Gold:  
O this was, &c.

And when as their money they'd got,  
then who was so socond as they.  
Each man of the best drank his Pot,  
& homewards they straight took their way:  
A Cook-maid there was in the house,  
that us'd full merrry to be:  
Who went to her master in haste,  
and these words unto him did lay,  
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Some pastime I for you will make,  
But to lend me a horse then (quoth she)  
and this money I from them will take:  
Her Master he hearing the jest,  
would try what this Cook-maid could do,  
Some mirth he did think it the best,  
as Gentlemen will you do know,  
O this was, &c.  
A horse then was saddled with speed,  
and boots and spurs she put on,  
And other materials most fit,  
because that she might not be known:  
A horse-back she straight got astride,  
with a Hogs-pudding in her hand,  
And meeting these Taylors in haste  
she presently bid them to stand.

O this was, &c.  
Deliver your money (quoth she)  
or else your manhoods now try,  
Or by this same thing in my hand  
every man of you shall dye:  
Then out her Black-pudding she pul'd  
which soze did the Taylors afright,  
they thought it had bin a Pistol well charg'd  
because it was late in the night.

O this was, &c.  
They beg'd their Lives she might save  
we are but poor Taylors (quoth they)  
And truly no money we have,  
for we work but for four-pence a day.  
You lye like all Rogues (quoth she)  
and do not my patience provoke,  
For 5 pounds you have tane for your work,  
so present that word did them choak.

O this was, &c.  
That money deliver with speed,  
if that you think well on your Lives,  
Or by this same thing you shall bleed,  
the which will go farther then knives,  
Then out of their pockets their money they  
with many a sorrowful tear, (took,  
And gave it strait into her hand,  
here's all on't each Taylor did swear.

O this was, &c.  
And when she their money had got,  
she set spurs and away she did run,  
The Devil go with you (quoth they)  
for I'me sure that we are undone;  
But when that this Cook-maid came home,  
straight unto her Master she told,  
And show'd him his money again,  
how passages went she did unfold.

O this was, &c.  
But here comes the cream of the jest,  
those Taylors which was such men,  
After they'd stood vaunting a while,  
then back they returned again,  
They came with a piteful tone,

their bare heads like men was bewnd,  
Toth Gentleman they made their moan,  
for their money their fingers it itcht,  
O this was, &c.  
The Gentleman laught in conceit,  
how many was there said he,  
Sure you were all men sufficient  
to a beaten above two or three;  
Truly we saw but one man,  
the which took our money away,  
But we feared he had partakers in store  
or else he should never have carried the Day.  
O this was, &c.

He was well mounted upon a good steed,  
and a Pistol which put us to studying,  
You lye like all fools (quoth she)  
it was but a Black Hogs-Pudding:  
Thus they the poor Taylors did see,  
and the Cook-maid laught in conceit,  
That with nothing but a black Pudding  
that she five Taylors should beat,  
O this was, &c.

Then straightways the Gentleman Spoke,  
what will you give then (said he)  
To have all your money again,  
and the face on't once more for to see.  
Quoth the Taylors we'll give thee ton half,  
and that's very fair you do know,  
Altho that we were such fools,  
to part with our good silver so.

O this was, &c.  
Then straightways he call'd the Cook-maid  
then the Taylors did laugh in their sleeve  
And set her to confuring straight,  
which made the poor Taylors believe  
That she by her art had it found,  
and show'd them the place where it lay,  
Which made the poor Taylors to smile,  
so merry and jocund was they.

O this was, &c.  
Here take half the money said they,  
the which we did promise to you,  
And for you we ever will pray,  
for such Cook-maids there is but few,  
Ile have none of your money she said,  
as sure as I am here alive,  
One may know what Cowards you be,  
to let a Hogs pudding to fright you all five  
O this was, &c.

And thus the old Proverb is true,  
nine Taylors do make but a man,  
And now it doth plainly appear,  
let them do all what they can:  
For had they been stout-hearted Lads,  
they need not called for aid,  
nor afraid to cast of a Pudding,  
nor yet been out-brav'd by a maid:  
O this was, &c.

Printed for R. Burton, in West-minster-field.